

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Written by a Former Resident of Anderson County.

Mr. Lewis W. Gentry, a short time before his death, received the following letter from Mr. W. B. Quailles, at one time a resident of this county, but now a resident of Georgia. Mr. Quailles was a member of Company C, Palmetto Sharpshooters, during the war of the 60's, as was also Mr. Gentry, both of whom were splendid soldiers who never shirked a duty, and could be counted on to do their share of the fighting. Mr. Quailles gives an interesting account of his trip to the Louisville reunion and other matters.

Herod, Ga., Oct. 2, 1905.

Dear Lewis: It has been quite a while since I have had the pleasure of a talk with you, though I think of you often and wonder how the world serves you as time rolls on. I have had it in mind before this to write you, but have been kept from doing so more for the want of something to say that would interest you than anything else. But shall not let this little matter deter me from writing you any longer, and as you have no acquaintance in this section you see I shall have to confine my letter principally to myself and family. Well, my family is quite small now, compared to what it once was. I have four children living, all girls. Two are married, one is off teaching school and one still in school. So you see me and my wife, or my wife and me, just as you like it, have the whole house to ourselves. We are a bit lonesome at times, but we have good neighbors, good books, newspapers and magazines for our entertainment which makes us reasonably content with our situation. One of the greatest troubles I have is when I want to leave home for several days I have no one to stay at home with my wife. I wanted to go to the Louisville reunion last year, as I had to send for one of my married daughters to come and stay with her mother while I was gone. I have been to several reunions but the one in Louisville was one of the most pleasant I ever attended. My daughter who is now from home teaching went with me. We started the first day that tickets were sold, which gave us a little time to loiter on the way.

We stopped five hours in Montgomery and took in the sights of the city. We visited the State House which at one time was the Capital of the Confederacy, as you know. In the tiling on the front porch is a star placed by the ladies of the Confederacy with the following inscription: "This star marks the spot upon which Jefferson Davis stood when he delivered his inaugural address the 18th of February, 1862." Inside of the building are many interesting war relics, but that which attracted my attention most was the bier upon which Mr. Davis laid, and what is known as the Davis room. The room contains the bed room set that he used while the Government remained at Montgomery, and may be seen through a large glass door. In addition to the furniture may be seen his sword and pistol, books and writing material. The bier was in the corridor of the building enclosed in glass. As Mr. Davis died in New Orleans it must have been given to Montgomery as a relic. The first time I ever saw him was at the first battle of Manassas, where victory perched upon our banner and where our troops went fairly wild in their enthusiasm over him. I have always believed that he did the best that could be done for the people under the circumstances, and therefore I have no feelings but those of respect and sympathy for his memory.

Near the capital is one of the most beautiful monuments that I ever saw. It was erected to the honor of the soldiers and seamen of Alabama. I suppose that Mr. Davis laid his corner stone. After leaving the State House we took a ride over the city and then pulled out for Birmingham where we stopped two days and nights, and then reached Louisville in time for the opening exercises.

Birmingham and all its suburbs seemed to be in a growing and prosperous condition, and the people there seemed to think there is no place like the "Magic City." There is no question about the wealth of the Birmingham district. It is there to show for itself in the shape of mines, factories, rolling mills, electric lines, etc. Birmingham is a city of the future. The beauty of the city, with its wide streets and its parks, is something to be proud of. Birmingham is a city of the future. The beauty of the city, with its wide streets and its parks, is something to be proud of. Birmingham is a city of the future. The beauty of the city, with its wide streets and its parks, is something to be proud of.

passed through as fine a section of country as the eye would care to look upon. We saw no cotton, but horses and mules, cattle and waving fields of grain were in evidence on every hand. It was harvest time and I noticed that they drove their reapers at a sweeping gallop. From the general appearance of the country one would naturally suppose that the people there live in ease and comfort, but I dare say that those who do the work think a tough time it is for them, just as all men think who have to work for their support.

Louisville is a larger town, and a much prettier one, than I expected to see. It was gaily decorated with, of course, added to its beauty, but its parks, its public buildings, business houses and private residences would have been pleasing to the eye without decoration.

We attended the opening exercises of the reunion and listened to the addresses of welcome by the mayor of Louisville and the Governor of Kentucky, besides a number of others, including Joe Wheeler, but we became tired and left the hall before Gen. Lee spoke, and returned no more, but passed our time in looking over the city and visiting other places of interest.

We crossed the Ohio River into Indiana and mixed with the Yankees who fought us in the sixties. They treated us very nicely and invited us to come again, but I can't feel toward them exactly like I do toward the Confederate soldier.

We attended the Veterans' ball where we saw at least a thousand persons dancing at the same time with about twenty thousand more looking on. Among the dancers were gray headed Veterans who kept time to the music with the sponsors and maids of honor as gracefully as any of the younger set. An old lady who sat near me said: "Oh, what fine looking old men. Don't you know that they were handsome when they were young." Every one who heard her smiled while the dance went on.

An interesting feature of the reunion was the barbecue given to the old soldiers on the banks of the Ohio at Shawnee Park, eight miles from Louisville. The park was about as lovely as nature and art could make it, and as for the "one" Gen. Lee said it was worth the trip to Louisville. It was a nice treat to be sure, but his estimate of it I think was a trifle over-rated.

The resting place of the dead was another interesting spot that I visited. It covers 125 acres of land upon which millions of money has been expended. There is a portion of the cemetery where Confederate and Federal soldiers are buried, and who are separated from each other only by a gravelly walk. No costly monument marks the resting place of the soldiers on either side, but all have humble head and foot stones with State, regiment and company to which they belonged neatly marked upon them. Here thousands of the boys sleep their everlasting sleep, and inasmuch as the government keeps up the graves on both sides they will be a reminder as long as the Government lasts of the bloody chasm through which we all passed in the struggle for Southern independence.

There was a large crowd of old soldiers in Louisville with plenty of life and fun about them. They were generally well dressed and looked young for their age, but of course their faces are all turned towards the setting sun, and reunions for them will in few years be a thing of the past, but let us hope that there is a reunion for them above where there is joy and gladness for all without intermission.

I enclose to you a paragraph which I clipped from Atlanta Constitution about four months ago. It reminded me of a little episode that took place in East Tennessee, some forty years ago, in which Robert Moorehead and myself were among the chief actors. Knoxville, Tenn., March 31.—Rev. W. T. Doane, for forty years a prominent minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church south, in this section, died today at his home near New Market, Tenn. He was 73 years of age. It was at a time when the war was remarkably short, and we felt the sore need of something to do as we started out with gun and sword. We returned to camp. We had not gone far before we came upon some soldiers around a straw pen and we looked at them. This caused the attention of a Methodist preacher, so when the show belonged, and the soldiers were with him.

him. I happened to see the guard first and put Robert on notice and then departed from the scene of our operations at a speed that would have done credit to a Kentucky racer. Of course I thought Robert would follow my example, but he remained till the preacher came up, who was good enough not to have him arrested. As well as I now remember his name was Doane. New Market was the place that we got into the above mentioned scrape, and I believe that W. T. Doane must be the man we met under such unfavorable circumstances. If it is, he has gone where he will have no hungry marauding soldiers to trouble him, and where I hope he will be happy for evermore. Hand the clipping to Robert and learn what he thinks about it.

I expect you will think before you reach this page that my letter ought to have come to a close before this. I must tell you a little about our crops and the I am done. Everything we raise in this section is short with us, about two-thirds of a crop is all we will get, but as the farmers have been getting good prices for their cotton I suppose they will be able to pull through.

Write me a long letter. First, tell me about yourself and family. Second, what you know about the remains of Co. C. Third, all that you know about matters and things in general. My wife joins me in kind wishes for yourself and family.

W. B. Quailles.

Confesses to Crime to Save His Sons.

Valdosta, Ga., Nov. 1.—S. G. Rawlings has made a confession of hiring Alf Moore to kill W. L. Carter, but he says that the killing of the children was not in the "trade." He says that he particularly cautioned the negro not to harm the children.

Joe Bently and Mitch Johnson made a trade with Alf Moore to do the bloody work, and Joe Bently and Alf Moore wanted to kill Carter on Sunday night before, but they could not get a buggy at Habira to go to Carter's house. He says they tried to hire a buggy, but that the liveryman would not hire it to them unless they would tell him where they were going.

Rawlings says that his confession came without the knowledge of his lawyers, as he had reached the place where he could not keep quiet any longer.

He says that he is thoroughly indifferent to the decision of the supreme court so far as he is concerned, but he wants his sons saved.

Fellow Countrymen.

An English actor tells a story of an Irishman named Flanagan, who had been out of work some time, and at length applied to a circus proprietor for a position.

There was no regular place open, but the manager looked Flanagan over and said:

"Our largest lion died last week, but we kept his skin, and if you like to get into it, and be shown as a lion, you can have the job."

Flanagan agreed. At the first show the proprietor stepped into the cage and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: To prove the dignity of this roaring lion, I shall order him into the cage with a ferocious tiger."

Flanagan hunk; back, but the circus proprietor prodded him with a sword and threatened to run him through, and "lion" was driven into the same cage with the tiger. There he backed into a corner and cried, "Spare me!"

Then the ferocious tiger jumped to his feet and answered, "Ye needn't be afraid of me. I'm an Irishman myself!"—Western Recorder.

Meanest Man in Town.

"I've heard a lot of talk about the meanest man in town," said a member of a prominent West Philadelphia Church, according to the Philadelphia Record, yesterday, "but last Sunday was reserved for me to meet him. It was rather funny, too," he continued, "for I think it was really a mistake, rather than studied parody of the Rockefeller type. It was while I was just beginning to take up the collection that a man hurried in the door, and dropping into a near bow, began to mop his forehead. He put a nickel on the plate when he passed it to him, and continued his efforts to cool off. I had gotten to the rear of the church and began to count the collection, when I heard an audible gasp and the man hurried back to where I was standing. Before I realized what he intended to do, he took a nickel from the plate and started for the door. I followed him outside, and, shaking him, said: 'What's the trouble, brother? Is anything wrong?' 'Not much,' he called back, as he went down the path on a run, 'but I hadn't finished shaving when my wife started for church, and as Mr. Barry is catch up with her I got into the wrong church!'"

An awful danger is often entailed in more credit than the attention

— An empty head cannot be hal-
— You cannot glorify God by de-
— The race for gold does not make
— In immoral matters one and one
— All our debts to God are payable
— When a man brags of a good
— The man whose life leads no-
— Love runs over, but it never
— Only a crooked heart will justify
— He who serves not sins.

THE VITAL CENTER.

No Man Stronger than His Stomach—Let Mi-o-na Strengthen Your Digestive System.

The stomach is your vital center. No man is stronger than his stomach. Every organ of the body is sustained and nourished by food which is converted into nutrition in the stomach and conveyed to every part of the system in the form of blood. For this reason, when the stomach is strengthened with Mi-o-na and is able to convert the food into nourishment, all other organs soon be-

come well. This explains many cures of heart, liver, or kidney diseases in the cases where Mi-o-na is used. It is the most wonderful health restorer known, and is sold by Evans Pharmacy under an absolute guarantee that it costs nothing unless it restores health. Just one little tablet out of a 50 cent box of Mi-o-na for a few days, and you will soon see a great improvement in your health.

GET THE HABIT!

TO LOOK FOR THE BEST WEARERS — AT THE —

Boston Shoe Store.

Do not buy shop-worn Shoes at any price, when you can get New, Fresh and Up-to-Date Shoes at the very least money Shoes can be sold. We sell only "Solid Leather Shoes," no matter how little the price.

We have a very strong line of BOYS and CHILDREN'S SHOES, and we are proud to state that we hold and control the Largest Shoe Trade in the City and County of Anderson. We not only sell but know how to fit the most tender feet, and therefore we appeal to you who never tried us. Come and try us, as we surely know how to please you. There are so many people "buying two or three times a season Shoes for himself and children at a bargain." Well, that is expensive—a very poor "saving plan." Make up your mind: Buy your Shoes in Shoe Stores. Come and try us—we can convince you.

Agents for Lewis A. Crossett, Florheim Co., Boyden Shoe Co., Forbush Cushion Shoe, Krippendorf, Dittman & Co., E. P. Reed & Co., Harrisburg Shoe Co.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE

MARTIN SELIGMAN, Proprietor.

Two doors from Farmers and Merchants Bank.

RED, RUST PROOF SEED OATS.

IF you really want the very best Seed Oat that has been put on the market this season, and one that bears the endorsement of Clemson College as to freedom from Johnson Grass, come to us or send us your orders and you shall not be disappointed. Genuine Red Rust Proof Oats of a good, weighty quality are very scarce this season and hard to get. Of course there will be, as there always has been, some people who will offer you a genuine Red Rust Proof Oat at a lower price than we shall ask you for ours, but we warn you that you will take dangerous chances if you try to economize on such an important item as Seed Oats. The difference is not enough to justify the risk, and if you are wise you will not fool with the cheap seed. If you want the cheap seed and are helibent on buying them, we can supply you with them. (We tell them for feeding purposes, but they are equal to many so-called Seed Oats now on the market.)

DEAN'S PATENT FLOUR.

If there is in your nature that which demands the very best and will take nothing less, and will not stand for any deterioration, nor be content with mediocrity; if you appreciate constant, honest efforts to conquer the heights of excellence in the milling of honest Flour, we commend to your highest favor and consideration our old, reliable, true and tried DEAN'S PATENT FLOUR. But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the botched and slovenly, if you are not particular about the quality of what you eat nor the taste of it, if you are not discriminating and are content to eat just anything that is branded "Patent" or "Half Patent," then you do not need to buy Dean's Patent, for you can buy something else that will suit your purpose just as well and a great deal cheaper. There is nothing like cultivating the habit of demanding only the best and if you will do this you will always get DEAN'S PATENT, and thereby preserve the peace and dignity of your household.

Yours always truly,

DEAN & RATLIFF.

FRED. G. BROWN, Pres. and Treas. | R. F. MAULEN, Vice President
A. S. FARMER, Secretary.

The Anderson Real Estate and Investment Co.

— BUYERS AND SELLERS OF —

REAL ESTATE, STOCKS & BONDS.

J. C. CUMMINGS, Sales Dep't.

Our facilities for handling your property are perfect, as we are large advertisers all over the country. Right now we are having considerable inquiry for farm in this and adjoining Counties, and owners of farm lands in the Piedmont section who wish to dispose of their property will find that we are in a position to make quick and satisfactory sales.

Now is the time to list your property with us, and we will proceed at once to give attention to all properties entrusted to us.

Address all communications to J. C. Cummings, Sales Department.

ANDERSON REAL ESTATE & INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Now comes the "Good Old Summer Time" when you want one of our

Up-to-Date VEHICLES for Pleasure.

Carriages, Surreys,
Phetons, Buggies,
Run-a-Bouts,
Buckboard, Traps,

And in fact anything you need in the Vehicle line you will find at our Depositories. A fine line of HARNESS, SADDLES, UMBRELLAS, CANOPY SHADES, DUSTERS, &c.

Call and examine for yourself, and if we cannot suit you it will be our fault.

Very truly,

FRETWELL-HANKS CO., Anderson, S. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST SYSTEM!

Unexcelled Dining Car Service.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars on all Trains.

Convenient Schedules on all Local Trains.

WINTER TOURIST RATES are now in effect to all Florida Points. For full information as to rates, routes, etc., consult nearest Southern Railway Ticket Agent, or

R. W. HUNT, Division Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.

Oldest, Biggest, Cheapest, Best!

This Establishment has been Selling

FURNITURE!

IN ANDERSON for more than forty years. During all that time competitors have come and gone, but we have remained right here. We have always sold Cheaper than any others, and during those long years we have not had one dissatisfied customer. Mistakes will sometimes occur, and if at any time we found that a customer was dissatisfied we did not rest until we had made him satisfied. This policy, rigidly adhered to, has made us friends, true and lasting, and we can say with pride, but without boasting, that we have the confidence of the people of this section. We have a larger Stock of Goods this season than we have ever had, and we pledge you our word that we have never sold Furniture at as close a margin of profit as we are doing now. This is proven by the fact that we are selling Furniture not only all over Anderson County but in every Town in the Piedmont section. Come and see us. Your parents saved money by buying from us, and your children can save money by buying from us too. We carry EVERYTHING in the Furniture line.

G. F. TOLLY & SON, Depot Street
The Old Reliable Furniture Dealers

CHINA. — \$9.00 WILL BUY A — FINE FRENCH CHINA TEA-SET! BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED. A VARIETY OF ODD PIECES AND NOVELTIES. JOHN M. HUBBARD, JEWELER, HOTEL BLOCK.

ONE CAR OF HOG FEED.

Have just received one Car Load of HOG FEED (Shorts) at very close prices. Come before they are all gone. Now is the time for throwing—

LIME

Around your premises to prevent a case of fever or some other disease, that will cost you very much more than the price of a barrel of Lime (\$1.00). We have a fresh shipment in stock, and will be glad to send you some. If you contemplate building a barn or any other building, see us before buying your—

CEMENT and LIME.

As we sell the very best qualities only.

O. D. ANDERSON.